

Remember not the misery of thy youth...

Chapter two tells of a miserable childhood. It begins with coming from Heaven which was my home. There is a psychiatric illness in children where they think they came from Heaven, and knew Angels, and I definitely had it. It was probably something I would have grown out of and forgotten as other things absorbed my attention but at the age of two it was something I talked to my Mother about and astounded her with. There were only the two of us, and her dog Buster, together all day. I had no siblings, she had no friends, we hardly saw any older relatives and they had no children, we had little money and alone together in our one room the whole day while my Father was at work, apart from teaching me ballet, and taking her dog to the park, all we could do was talk, and that was what I talked about. One day shortly before I lost her, she took me to the park to look at the sunset and asked me if that was like the floor where I came from in Heaven that I was describing, and I said yes. There was no one who could have told me such things. When I was about five and a local bridge collapsed onto the railway line at Brockley, 'Dad' was on the news and people called the Police from as far away as Scotland to report that they recognized him as Josef Mengele, the Nazi war criminal, as one woman said 'I would know him anywhere, he tortured me'. Josef Mengele had brown eyes but after the second world war he dyed his own eyes grey, and the Police had to let him go because he had the wrong colour eyes. The neighbours were all out in the street when Police cars were outside, and they spoke to the Police about my Mother having been taken from the house screaming some years before and said that the woman in our house looked like her but was not her. Soon after that in school I was questioned about where my Mother was by a child psychiatrist and two Police women. I had long term child psychoanalysis and was repeatedly questioned about what my Mother and I had talked about when I was little, presumably in the hope that they would get some clues as to someone she used to meet or who came to our home but there was nothing. The story of how we had talked about Heaven came out, and when they hypnotized me, I not only repeated the same thing, but after their hypnosis I was no longer able to forget it. Perhaps the way they hypnotized me caused how I can remember so much about a lot of things very accurately. Years later, Guy's Hospital psychiatrists, who again reported Dad to the Police for being Mengele, also hypnotized me and decided what I said about having come from Heaven was true because under hypnosis I told exactly the same story. **If there is one purpose of this book it is**

to make hypnotizing children, even by the medical profession, illegal. The book is a clear explanation of why.

Fast forward the clock to the year 2000... my beautiful daughter had been taken from her incubator in Great Ormond Street and 'adopted'. She was taken to Russia where she was blasted out into space to become the youngest person – a premature baby- to die in space. Dad monitored her as she died and glorified in telling me that as I looked out into the sky one of the stars was my child. This was later confirmed as being true, and because the Russians did anything Dad wanted because they owed him so much for the MI5 secrets he gave them. Another child who was the daughter of a blond haired, blue eyed school friend of mine, Jacqueline Hunt, who Dad had got hold of on her way home from work one dark night and raped, was sent to relatives in Canada, John and Anne Weir, who were also working for the Russians spying on the US Alaskan air base secrets. They pinched one of their nuclear bombs that is still in Canada left where it could do most damage. Mum and Dad stole and gave them my child's birth certificate for the child they took. Other babies Dad had taken from the thirteen Mothers he abused in bizarre circumstances to do with his genetic experiments, either died when he operated on them with no anaesthetic, or he sent the children of gypsies to well to do homes and took others from settled affluent homes and gave them to gypsies to bring up. I got custody of Mum and Dad's own child and brought her up to keep her away from Dad. She had my DNA, two teaching hospitals were on our side, and there was nothing they could do about it. When Dad was finally sent back to Russia in 2000 after the organ scandal, he insisted 'his family' went with him. She went to work one day and never came home. I understand now that all my money went too. I was just lucky that I got out of being taken to Breize Norton for the exchange. I had spent fifteen years writing the story of what had happened to me, and that was confiscated by British Intelligence, or was it? I got the discs I was writing up on my handwritten manuscripts on an Amstrad Word Processor, back from the Police but huge parts had been wiped out, and I never saw any of the eight handwritten manuscripts again except, Chapter Three, that they missed when they raided my flat. Odd how JK Rowling then announced that there would only ever be SEVEN Harry Potter books and what was taken out of the discs were things similar to what was in her books, but just rewritten in reverse. Luckily for me, many things like 'the steam train' which was the train that crashed in fog at Hither Green in 1997 were actual facts and are easily proven as *my* story. I am now piecing the parts together again, adding back in what they took out and publishing it myself online. The parts they took out tell a story all of their own. When I got a copy of the crime report, and I shall always be grateful to

Commander Godwin, who later became Assistant Commissioner Godwin, for the way he handled the complaints I made, it said the story was **NIB!** Of National Intelligence Bureau interest, not because I came from Heaven, but because some blundering idiots had handed Mengele to the Russians, in return, not for the 'Red October' Peter Maple – he was already dead- but for another Russian who lived in his identity until he recently died and when the family published a picture of him after he died *with brown eyes*, I pieced the rest of that story together too. Just in case the debriefing 'Peter Maple' gave our British Intelligence was 'the Russian Version' *MI5 this is for you...*

ENQS	ENQUIRIES
F	FEMALE
FEAT	FEATURE
GEN	GENERAL
GLU	GEOGRAPHICAL LOCATION UNIT
IC	IDENTITY CODE
INFMT/INFT	INFORMANT
IO	INVESTIGATING OFFICER
IR	INFORMATION ROOM
IRB	INCIDENT REPORT BOOK
IU	INFORMATION UNIT
J/W	JUNCTION WITH
LAS	LONDON AMBULANCE SERVICE
LIO	LOCAL INTELLIGENCE OFFICER
M	MALE
MET	METROPOLITAN POLICE
MG11	STATEMENT FORM
MP	METROPOLITAN POLICE
N	NO
N/A	VICTIM OF CRIME LEAFLET NOT APPROPRIATE
NIB	NATIONAL INVESTIGATION BUREAU
NSY	NEW SCOTLAND YARD
OIC	OFFICER IN CHARGE
OMPD?	OUTSIDE METROPOLITAN POLICE DISTRICT?
O/S	OUTSIDE OR VALUE OUTSTANDING
PC	POLICE CONSTABLE
PNC	POLICE NATIONAL COMPUTER
PNYA	POLICE NOT YET ARRIVED
PS	POLICE SEARGENT
R	RESTRICTED

Why was my own written work of NIB? about my parents in the war secret source + genetics. 12 weeks later scientist cracked the genetic code + the papers said 'They had no idea it was so simple' (6/2000)

(17)

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